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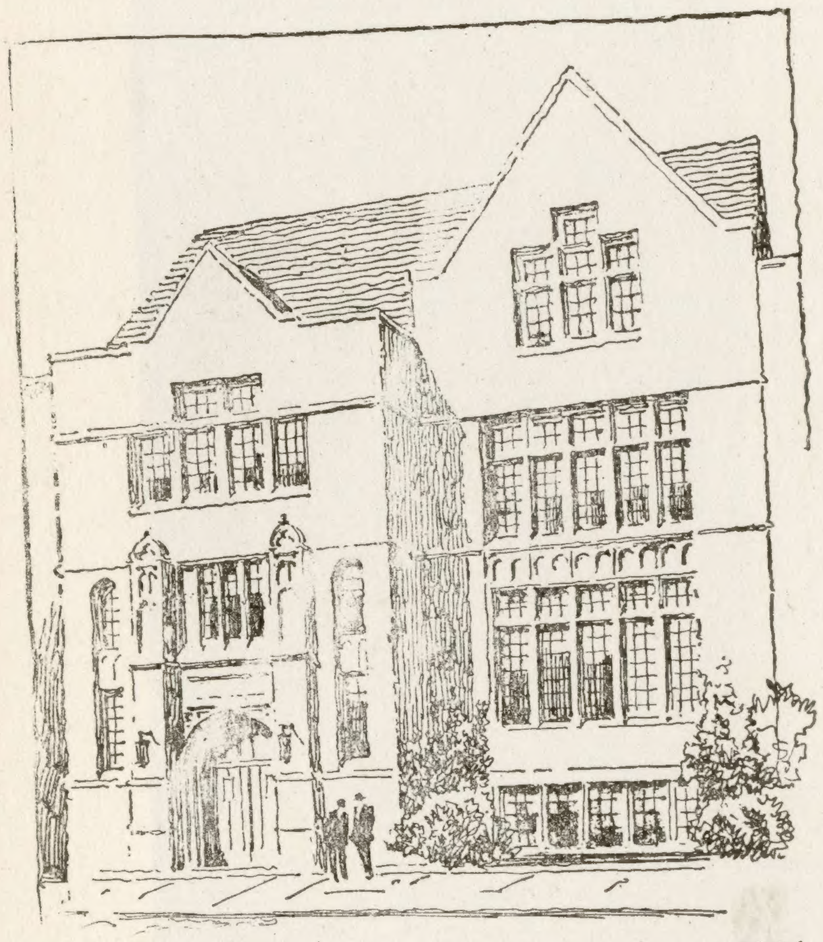

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THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper By the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

April, Nineteen Hundred Twenty One

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THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., APRIL, 1921

COMPOUND INTEREST.

Much has been said of the new school system pro and con. Both pros and cons agree that the system is a strain for teachers and students. Relieve that strain as much as you personally are able.

You, as a student, invest your time, strength, and energy in your studies. Good marks and a knowledge of the subject are the returns on your investment. But, is your capital sufficient and of the right kind? Do you invest it wisely? Strength that is weakened by late hours, insufficient sleep, and a poor diet will not bring a good return. Stand erect, breathe deeply. You have seen the posture posters; you have been taught in gymnasium. Modern surgery has performed miracles. However, it has never performed that intricate and delicate operation of inserting suggestions and ideas into the brain-case of human beings. Eat wholesome food. Do not feel that your day is incomplete without a sundae with "the crowd" at your favorite ice cream parlor. No matter if the noontime pie at the baker's does taste like ambrosia, remember that too much ambrosia harmed even the gods.

The schedule is heavy. Are you going to let it weigh you down? Smile! Smile when you enter a class, smile when you leave a class. Before we realize it, we shall have an epidemic of cheerfulness. May it be incurable!

The term is still young. There is still time to make a new investment. Why not make the safest of all investments, invest in your own health? Fly early, study early, and go to bed early. If you live a mile or so from school, walk to school, until you feel the red blood surging through your whole body. In short, keep well, keep working, keep smiling, and you need have no fears of poor returns. Remember the words of Roosevelt, "A sound body makes a sound mind."

Catherine Williams

IS IT WORTH WHILE TO BE ON THE ACROPOLIS" BOARD?

The several departments of THE ACROPOLIS afford excellent opportunities for training in both literary and practical business methods. Even a superficial knowledge of the departments has stood many a student in good stead in college or in his life work.

ADIOS?

Several of Barringer's graduates have attained important positions on the staffs of college publications. A former editor of THE ACROPOLIS recently held the same position on the Wesleyan weekly; another is now editor of the "Harvard Crimson." Experience on the Acropolis Board has enabled a number of young women to secure places on their college papers early in their course. Numerous students have thus found ACROPOLIS work the gateway to many opportunities in the literary world.

Students who have any ability in writing stories or poetry, and those who are ambitious to do so should take an examination for the literature department. Several recent graduates have found their ACROPOLIS experience valuable in newspaper work for which they have obtained ample compensation. Reports of speakers, announcements of club activities, and interviews with notable visitors prepared for the school paper give valuable training for practical newspaper work.

Pupils who are interested in exchanges have excellent chances for reading, becoming acquainted with and criticising the publications of other educational institutions. The personals, perhaps, afford the student the most fun. This is the joke department, in which teachers, students, and society in general each receives his share of good-natured quips. Limericks and squibs cultivate a vein of humor which is often pleasing to one's friends.

The business manager of THE ACROPOLIS gains practical experience. He learns the cost of production and the soliciting of advertisements gives him assurance in meeting business men. Several former business managers of THE ACROPOLIS have testified to the great practical value of the work.

Hence there is every reason to believe that those who do earnest work on the Acropolis Board are gaining ability and experience that will prove of practical value in college or in business life.

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH.

4A Room 45. Blanche Nixon, Mary Crowe, Nora Nichols, Grace Gaven.
Room 51. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Margaret Kohn, Margaret Randall.
Room 55. Annie Dillingham, Margaret Williams, Albert Rosenberg, Ida Lewis, Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Marian Knight, Emma Ziegler.

4B Room 31. Eugene Frey, Lena Edelstein, Irma Levy, Eli Silberfeld.
Room 33. Vincent Barra, Electra Napoliello.

3A Room 59. Laura Edwards.
Room 25. Lawrence Burgyes, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Fairlie McNear, Thelma Ruffkess, Alfred Schiavetti, Henry Venus.

3B Room 67. Simon Harris, Matthias Neiss.

3B Room 41. Helene Rosenstreter, Edna Van Duyne, Franklin Chattin.
Room 61. Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell.
Room 76. Sara Weckstein, Charlotte Williams.

2A Room 58. Jennie Weiss, Leonora Rizzolo.
Room 56. Hedwig Fass, Frederick Wolpert, Dorothy Olton.
Room 82. Sam Pollock, John Single, Anita Thomas, Eleanor Wilsey.

2B Room 66. Doris Hoops, Evelyn Hopping, June Kessler.
Room 26. Anna Feig, Isabel Schneider, Ruth Scott, Louis Kessler, Wesley Mapletoft.
Room 65. Grace Schaefer, Edward Harrar, Louis Ursa.
Room 35. Salvatore Caprio.

1A Room 57. Edward Herold.
Room 59. Joseph Weintraub.
Room 67. Elonora Fischer.
Room 69. Irma Billig.
Room 81. Warren Condit, Wheeler Coult, Gilbert Crogan, Elizabeth Northrup, Samuel Owen.
Room 63. Benjamin Grad, Walter Walsh.
Room 83. Grace Crowe, Sam Lipstein, Florence Seligman, Harry Stein, Elizabeth Taylor.

1B Room 76. Harry Doremus, Helen Mary MacGraw, James E. Schaefer.
Room 85. Antoinette Baldanza.
Room 86. Etta McHale, Lily Shapiro, Lemuel Titus, Sylvia Wasserman.
Room 87. Everett Parsons.
Room 92. Ward Abbott, Charles Hart, Richard Johnson.
Room 93. Florence Fredd.
Room 3. Solomon Solatsky, Sam E. Silber, Leonard Tushnet.
Room 76. Mildred Merz.
Room 82. Burtis Morningstern.

OMITTED FROM ABOVE LIST.

Room 37. Beth Barnett.

OMITTED FROM FEBRUARY HONOR ROLL.

Room 42. Harlan De Voe, Robert Metcalfe.

AN ELEGY.

(Apologies to Gray.)

The school bell shrills the peal for leaving school.
I close my desk and rush into the air.
The teachers homeward plod their weary way,
And leave me joyful, happy, free from care.

Continued on Page Nineteen.

ADIOS?

"A PROHIBITION HERO"

BY STUART BLODGETT

Fiction may be divided into two classes, true fiction and fictitious fiction. The first class is a cross between truth and fiction, the second between prevarication and fiction. To the latter class belong Baron Munchausen, fairy tales—and the story that is going to be told as soon as this warning is finished. For it is a warning—a warning not to believe what you are going to read. Not that you will, for this tale has not the least semblance of truth, but we want to relieve ourself of all responsibility.

Having gotten all this off our chest without any great difficulty except perhaps a little hesitation over the spelling of the name Munchausen, we are ready to begin the story.

* * * * * * * * * *

Jim Paige was a man's man. When he was among men, he was entirely at his ease, taking part in the conversation, laughing, joking, and joining in all the fun. But when he was among women of his own age, he was limited to the weather, the H. C. L., and Babe Ruth. His repartee was conspicuous—by its absence. A brilliant "yes" and a deliberative "no" were his sole refuge.

It is little wonder, then, that his courtship of Eloise Barnes proceeded slowly. It is even less wonder when you know that Jim's rival for the hand of the "dainty, svelte, sylphlike, stunning" (these being adjectives used by Jim—to himself) Eloise was H. Edwin Barnett, as polished a "lounge lizard" (again we quote Jim) as ever stirred a mean teaspoon or wielded a wicked "Fig Newton" at a 5 o'clock tea.

However, Jim called so frequently at the Barnes domicile that Eloise began to get used to seeing his big rawboned frame around the house and to give him the same place in her mind as she did the tall grandfather's clock in the hallway.

It was with some little surprise, then, that on the night of January 23 she listened to Jim's halting "Eloise, I—er, I—er—that is—would you—I mean, do you think—er—that—er, have you—oh, will you be my husband—I mean, your wife; no—wait a minute—my wife? That's it. Will you be my wife?" For she had never associated him with thoughts of marriage.

"Why, Jim," she managed to say, "of course, I respect you, but—why, you've never done anything noble and heroic such as the man who is going to marry me will have to do. I'm sorry, but——"

"That's the way it is," Jim confided to Ted Sexton, his bosom friend. "She respects me, but——"

"Well, why don't you do something noble, then, just as she said."

"Fine, fine," said Jimmy, sarcastically. "You jump in the river, and I'll pull you out. Then, I'll be a hero. The only objection is that I'd be tempted to let you drown."

"Oh, well, cheer up. Matrimony isn't such a great blessing, anyway."

* * * * * * * * * *

Jim worked in the office of the Doyle Dairy Company, and was familiar with the workings of the whole plant. That is, the whole plant except the cream-separating room, for no one was allowed to enter that room because, as Doyle said, "the milk must be exposed to the air in separating and thus will collect microbes if any one except our own special men are present."

Jim was especially interested in the trucks which scoured the countryside to get milk. One of the trucks especially interested him, for it was a big ten-ton Mack, while all the others were lighter ones. This truck went once a week to a small place some seventy miles away and always returned loaded with milkcans. These cans were immediately rushed to the cream-separating room without first going to the pasteurizer as was customary.

"Yes," remarked Doyle, "that milk comes from an especially tested herd and it doesn't need pasteurizing."

Jim, out of curiosity, one day, while passing through the place which the big truck visited every week, asked an inhabitant who in the neighborhood owned a big herd of tested cattle.

"I can't seem to think of any one, stranger. There ain't much doing around here except the cider mill. In fact, I've got the biggest herd and that's only ten."

"Hm, that's funny. Yes, sir. That sure is funny," mused Jimmy.

Next week, he made it a point to be there when the truck came in. When the driver went into the office to report, Jimmy lifted the top from one of the cans and saw inside—not beautiful white milk, but instead a canful of dirt-brown cider.

"Wow!" ejaculated Jimmy. "Now, what do you know about that? I'll be——"

A few days later, after waiting patiently Jimmy managed to gain entrance into the cream-separating room. He somewhat expected to see stills and jugs, but there were only the cream separators. He looked into one and saw that it was full of cider. At the two mouths, instead of pails of milk and cream, were tubs of pure

Continued on Page Twenty-two.

WHAT IS THE "ADIOS?"

A TALE OF 2020

By Carl Wieland.

It was a low, two-storied house situated fully three hundred feet back from the roadside, in a clump of Norway Maples. Its former owner had arrayed its sides in black, with white trimmings, but one had to employ his imagination to establish the verity of such a statement. The doorway in the middle was connected with the road by a winding path that was almost hidden by the high grass of the lawn. The window-panes were in a remarkable state of preservation. The untied blinds swung back and forth with the gentle breeze. The roof was well shingled except in a spot over the main entrance where there was an unsightly and jagged hole, at its widest extremity, fully three feet wide and five feet long. The pieces of wood and plaster lying on the slope of the roof did not suggest the possibility of a fire, but broadly hinted an explosion. But what could have caused such an odd explosion; one which had to all appearances left the house untouched, except for the jagged hole in the roof. And now there unfolds a weird and fantastic tale; a tale of horror and of intrigue.

One sharp, cold, rainy day back in 1996 a tall, bearded, dark-complexioned man, accompanied by a short, frail girl, alighted from the Arrow Transportation Company's big dirigible "Pacific" at the Lincoln Aviation Field in Denver, Col. It seems they had taken passage at New York for San Francisco on the "Pacific." The observater, explaining to the passengers the passing landscape two thousand feet below, had just pointed out the big wireless station at Easton, when a dispatcher entered the cabin and inquired for Mr. Nicholas Ferrarese. The tall man previously mentioned silently hailed the operator, who handed him a pink sheet, evidently a radiogram. Ferrarese glanced over it hastily and murmured, "No reply, sir." He scribbled a note on a piece of paper and bade a porter convey it to the captain, and added:

"Be sure that he stops at Denver. I have no baggage. Thank you."

The couple hailed a passing cab and the Italian bade the driver take them to the station of the Union Pacific Railroad, with the greatest possible speed. The cab swung through the streets of Denver at a surprising rate and drew up at the Union Station, where the couple alighted and entered the station.

The girl seated herself in the waiting-room, while Ferrarese entered the office of the Division Superintendent. He brushed past the authoritative office boy, who howled disapproval, and entered the private office.

"You must accommodate my daughter and myself on the 'Special Mail' to-night. Accept this and keep your mouth shut," was the Italian's cool order. He thrust a roll of one hundred dollar bills toward the official and covered him with an ominous-looking automatic.

The surprised Superintendent sat aghast, mouth opened and terror in his eyes.

"Quick, there is but twelve minutes. Give me a pass!"

Dazed, the man at the desk reached for a pad, shaking, scribbled a few lines, tore off a slip, and handed it to Ferrarese, who thrust it into a side pocket.

"If you mention this incident," he growled, "you die."

With this exclamation he strode from the office to the waiting-room, summoned his daughter, and hastened to a track designated as "Special Mail." He flipped the pass in the guard's face and strode past him and on to the platform, entering a coach attached to the rear of the "Special." A conductor ordered him off, but upon the presentation of the pass, smilingly ushered the pair to a seat and asked if there was anything he could do.

"Yes, one thing," was the reply; "get to h—— out of this coach."

Two hours after the harrowing episode at Denver, the pair alighted at the tiny station at Morrison. A short, thick-set man approached and said:

"Ah, Meestaire Ferrarese, at last you come. Here, we will take ze aerostat to ze place. I will give you ze reason for ze telegraph."

The three crossed the platform and seated themselves in a tiny three-wheeled vehicle, as common then as the Ford automobile was in the 1920's. The machine resembled a wee bit of everything, from an aeroplane to a farm tractor. The motor was in the rear and carried a clover-leaf-shaped propellor. The wheels were of aluminum and treaded like those of a farm tractor. There were three of them, two in the rear and one in the front. The vehicle was steered by the front wheel. The body was shaped like a torpedo with a door on each side and a broad window in front. It carried a small but powerful searchlight on a bracket just over the front wheel. A great rate of speed could be obtained. The inventor, Trueman Knox, drove one, with perfect ease and comfort, at the rate of one hundred and three miles an hour.

The owner of the machine, Anthony Rosamilia, gave the propellor a twist, jumped to the driver's seat, pushed a lever, and the tiny station at Morrison receded into the past. As the machine swept over the roads, he told his passengers the following in Italian:

"The Italian Government, with the assistance of the United States Secret Service, acquired by means of Article CX of the League of Nations Agreement and the approval of President Westervelt of the United States, is on your trail, my trail, and the trail of the Carrista League. Our plot to assassinate the members of the Italian royal family has failed, due to the carelessness of one of the members of the League at Rome, a certain Guisippe Blasi, who allowed our code and several important papers to come into the hands of the authorities, who at once followed our trails. They learned that you (the master mind) and your daughter had taken passage on the "Pacific" for San Francisco and the United States officials immediately notified the police there to seize you upon arrival. I discovered their plans by means of my wireless and immediately notified you."

"You did well, Rosamilia. I would that the bungler Blasi, at Rome, had been shot before he made that costly slip."

"I discovered a deserted farmhouse and have repaired it for your disposal. They will never find you there."

The trio in the little machine whirred up the driveway to the entrance of the house and disappeared within its portals, while a tiny dot some three thousand feet above them, with a big circle, turned back to Denver. If the little group in the house had been keen enough, they would have noted that the tiny dot was a United States Army "blimp." Whereupon the old adage that "what a person does not know will not hurt him" was refuted.

A week passed with an oppressing quiet that was only broken on moonlight evenings by the ardent serenading of Marie Ferrarese by the keen-eyed Anthony. He sang of love, of Italy, and of Marie, in a dreamy tenor, accompanying himself with a banjo. He worked quite hard, indeed, and finally achieved his purpose. He approached Ferrarese on the subject and was instantly thrown off the porch by the angry master mind, only to be offered Marie's hand the following day. Thus the Fates decreed.

The week that followed Marie's engagement was one of unbroken quiet. Even the sleeping Ferrarese was not awakened to anger by the warbling of the suitor. Sunday promised to begin another week of unbroken quiet, but Monday noon brought a shattering of the promise.

A few minutes after the great-grandfather's clock in the hallway of the lonely house announced the first hour of the afternoon, a dull throbbing sound was heard. Ferrarese was just returning from a rambling walk along the narrow road. Marie and Anthony were crooning into each other's ears under the shade of a tall maple. The birds were singing and the bugs were buzzing away in great glee. The throbbing was decidedly out of place. Ferrarese surveyed the blue sky and saw directly above the house a Croton biplane. It circled around the house and began a gradual descent. As it approached the colors of the Italian flag mocked the dismayed eyes of the arch-conspirator. A man leaned from the side of the observer's seat; leveled an automatic at Ferrarese's head; pulled the trigger; the Italian staggered and fell to the ground, dead.

Upon hearing the plane and seeing Ferrarese fall, the lovesome couple under the maple jumped to their feet and ran, Marie to her father's side and Rosamilia, across the flower bed, spreading ruin as he ran, towards the big barn in the rear of the house. He pushed back the tall doors, ran to the front of a big Havens triplane, gave the three propellors a twist, jumped into the driver's seat, pushed forward the reverse lever, and the big plane swiftly backed from the barn. He threw the plane into high gear, moved his elevating plane to the necessary angle and the big Havens left the ground with a roar. The girl in the road fairly screamed encouragement to the avenging aviator. Up, up, and up the daring Italian went, the girl on the road became a speck and the hostile plane flew a thousand feet below him. He manœuvred around until he placed his plane directly over the biplane. That Rosamilia was an expert in aviation was evident. Watching the little Croton, he raised his foot to a lever on the dashboard and pushed it. Immediately a shrill whistle announced a descending shell. The little Croton dodged it with a quick manœuvre and with a roar speedily climbed above the triplane. The whistling shell, having missed the biplane, speeded to earth, where with a terrific explosion, raising a shower of dirt and stones, it obliterated every trace of Ferrarese and the grieving girl, leaving nothing but a bowl-like hole as a memento of the horrible event.

Rosamilia witnessed with horror the work of his shell. It instilled in him a carelessness that never before in his life had he felt. His chief, his leader, was dead; his bride-to-be was sharing a new home with her father; and he was fighting for his life. Being a man with a dogged will, he resolved to wipe out this intruder who had shattered his plans for the future, his bubbles, and his castles. He was reminded of the precariousness of his position by the whistling of a hostile shell which, missing him by exactly twelve inches, aimed for the house below. It hit the roof just over the main entrance, making a jagged hole, at its widest extremity, fully three feet wide and five feet long. Why the shell did not explode is an unsolved mystery. It remains to this day buried in the basement of the old house.

Before the surprised Rosamilia had time to recover his wandering thoughts a second shell from

Continued on Page Twenty-four.

A FORTUNE SEEKER

Robert Winthrop Winslow, called Bobbie, aged twelve, was at war with the world. It was blue Monday and he was leaving home for school, after a stormy session with his parents concerning his report card, which he was to return properly signed that morning. The card did not show a very flattering report of Robert's standing in his various studies, and a "note" had accompanied it when it had been taken home by him the preceding Friday night. His father had stormed and blustered about it and had threatened "to settle the matter in not 'the woodshed,' as was the fashion a generation or two back, but in the garage."

His mother had looked worried and suggested that "perhaps Robert didn't *understand* his lessons clearly," and Robert had tried to grasp this straw, but his father wouldn't listen to his arguments and insisted that Robert understood anything that he *wanted* to as quickly as any other boy. This was true, but Robert didn't realize it himself. What he wished to understand was always interesting and required no tiresome application.

His mark in geography had been his poorest, though history was bad and English insignificant. He had tried to explain to his mother that he knew "joggerfy" just as well as those who had high marks and were a credit to the teacher, like some of the little girls, only it hurt him to talk so fast and he couldn't always think of the next word. They could rise and say the whole lesson from the top to the bottom of the page without once stumbling or omitting one little word, but while he knew it just as well as they, he couldn't say it. But his father had interrupted his explanation to tell him that he wouldn't listen to any excuses, that there was only one thing for him to do and that was to study his lessons and to learn them, and to remember the consequences of disobedience. "Now remember," he had said, "another report like that and out to the garage we go and the rod will not be spared, I can tell you."

So Robert felt that he was an unappreciated boy this morning and was making up his mind to run away from home and go out into the world and seek his fortune. By and by when he was a very rich man he would come back home again to see his mother a few days and buy her some very handsome presents, and he would be friendly and polite to his father, but he would let him know that he had not forgotten how he had been treated when he was a boy. At the corner where he turned in the direction of the school building, ordinarily he paused and hesitated and then, after a moment, started off in another direction. He walked on a mile or so without looking about him and unconscious of his surroundings, when a woman, who was brushing up a veranda, called to him. He stopped and looked at her to comprehend what she was saying. She repeated: "Hadn't you better hurry a little faster, for it is time for school to begin and you do not want a bad mark, do you?" "No, ma'am," said Bobbie, politely, and started to run. He ran a long time and found himself in front of a grocery store and he sat down on an empty box to rest himself and get his breath. But a young man who was plainly a grocer's clerk came out and said: "Hey, kid, you had better be humping. I saw the truant officer looking for you and you'll get a good tanning if you're caught." So Robert got up and dodged down another street, keeping an eye out for the truant officer and policemen.

There was no sign of any such persons anywhere about, however, and after a little while he felt safe to go on his way; he thought he would like to get out of the town and into the country and then strike out for the gold mines that were off somewhere in the west; Alaska or California as he had learned from the "joggerfy" that he knew so well but couldn't recite. As he paused to think which way was west, something hit him in the back and he turned around in time to see a head dodge behind a building and to hear a mocking voice call out, "I'll tell teacher on you. I'll tell teacher you're playin' hookey. I'll tell your mother on you, too," and Robert, after throwing two fair-sized pebbles at the place where he had seen a head dodge back, started on again, a little faster. He wondered which way was west, but he saw no one whom he felt it would be prudent to ask. He did read a street corner sign that said "West Boulevard," so he decided that by following this he would be going west. He went on for several miles, he thought and quite unmolested except for a dog now and then which would accompany him for a little way and then run back.

He was out in the open, or nearly open, country when his feet began to feel tired and there were no longer any side walks or pavements, when a man driving a runabout with an advertising sign on the side stopped and said, "On a hike, sonny?" and Robert nodded "Yes."

"Hop in and ride a way," said the man and Bobbie gladly hopped in. He soon began to enjoy the swift motion and to look about with some interest. They came to a stream of water and then followed a road which ran parallel to it for what seemed to Bobby, a long distance.

The man, noting Bobby's interested look, said, "Don't you know what river this is?" and Bobby answered, "No; what river is it?" and the man

WHAT ADIOS MEANS.

replied, "It is the Connecticut River and it is a fine and industrious stream, does about as much work as anybody or anything according to its size." "What work does a river do?" asked Bobbie. "Well, now, I don't believe I could tell you all the work this one does, but I might remember some things if I tried, I suppose."

"About twenty years ago," said the man, "I went mountain climbing in New Hampshire with some friends and we went up to the top of an observatory on the mountain and looking down, our guide pointed to a little muddy pond and said, 'That is Connecticut Lake, where the river rises.' That is when I was introduced to the river. Since then I've seen it in a good many other places and not always looking like the same river. It is noisy and boisterous for a good many miles, tumbling over the rocks between New Hampshire and Vermont and gathering up logs to be sawed into lumber at sawmills all the way. It carries those logs and runs those mills and that is a river's work. This river tumbles over the rocks at a place called Bellows Falls with a great roar and railroad trains cross on a high bridge because a low bridge might be swept away in a spring freshet. There are great paper mills beside it at Holyoke and some other places; paper made out of spruce logs, you know." "Yes, I know," said Bobby; "have you seen it anywhere else?" "Oh, yes," said the man, "I've seen it at Hartford, and here is the finest bridge of all, that crosses it. I was there when it was finished, and was one of the first to drive over it. Some little river," repeated the man. "Well, here is where we get out, and I will let you run on by yourself," and they stopped before a grocery in a strange town to Robert. The man sprang out and went inside and Bobby got out and walked off.

He started on to resume his journey west, and felt that he would like some lunch, but not knowing just how to get it, and coming to a park which seemed to be the center of this new city, he sat down on a bench to think of a plan.

Some young girls on a neighboring bench were lunching out of some paper bags and had, apparently, more than enough to satisfy their own appetites, for presently they got up, came over to Bobbie and gave him a sandwich, a cookie, and an apple, for which he thanked them politely and ate when they strolled out of the park.

He felt a little more like traveling on after a drink at the fountain and walked on in the direction most people were going.

This brought him to a meadow where there were tents and Bobbie realized that he had come to a circus. He hung about the entrance with a few other boys and a very kind looking man came up to them and gave them some tickets to go inside, saying to a companion, "I always buy some tickets for the boys, for I remember how I felt when I was a boy and couldn't go to the circus."

Bobbie went inside the tent with the other boys and sat down on a bench where the policeman guarding the entrance couldn't see him. And there he sat entranced, watching the riding and the acrobats and the trained animals until the later afternoon, when everybody else was getting up and going home; so he felt that he must leave, too. He went out into the park and sat on the bench he sat on at noontime.

He felt hungry again, but no girls were lunching on the benches now. He heard the whistles blowing six o'clock and there was a policeman coming up to him.

Bobby wriggled and shifted his gaze, but the policeman stopped in front of him, looked at him sternly and said, "Are you Robert Winthrop Winslow?" and Robert nodded. "Come with me," said he, and he took Robert by the arm to a police station and said to the desk sergeant, "I've got him." The man at the desk took up the telephone and Bobby heard him call over the line that he had got him, all right, and then he motioned Bobbie to a chair and Bobbie sat down. Bobbie waited what seemed hours and then an auto stopped outside and his father bounced in.

His father looked severely at him, but said nothing and after a few words with the policeman who had, as Bobbie supposed, arrested him, took him by the hand and said, "Come." For the second time that day, Bobbie rode along the busy Connecticut River—this time in silence. When they reached home, Bobbie's mother clasped him in her arms and kissed him and her eyes looked red and swollen, but nobody said anything. Bobbie scrubbed his hands as usual and then had a good supper and afterwards went to bed, all the while expecting an explosion from his father, but none came.

At 8:30 the next morning he started to school and this time he went on in the right direction after turning the corner. During the geography recitation that morning the teacher said sharply: "Robert Winslow! Describe the Connecticut River," and Bobbie's heart leaped with satisfaction. He knew the Connecticut River. He arose and commenced, "I've seen it; it is an industrious river; it has logs and sawmills and bridges." He stopped, conscious of the teacher's angry looks and the titters of his classmates.

He slumped into his chair in disgrace. He did not describe it as the geography did but as he saw it. Bobbie guessed that the teacher had never seen it, and that must have been why she did not approve his recitation, because she knew it: Bobbie knew it, but again he could not say it.

TURN TO PAGE 23 AND READ

Mary Margaret H. Barr, Ch.
Anne Dillingham

Jean Morrill
Imre Domonkos

FRENCH CIRCLE NOTES.

On Saturday, April second, it was the good fortune of a delegation from Barringer to attend the annual meeting of the "Federation de l'Alliance Francaise aux Etats-Unis et au Canada," which was held at the Hotel Plaza, New York City.

The delegation consisted of five persons, all pupil members of the Barringer High School. Mr. Crosse and Mr. Milwitzky were also present as delegates from Alliance Francaise de Newark.

The Federation is an organization composed of French Alliances and Societies throughout the United States and Canada. One of the objects of the Federation is to foster and cultivate the long-standing friendship that has existed between France and the United States.

It is always a privilege to attend these meetings of the Federation because they bring together people from all parts of North America who are students and lovers of France and French literature.

This year it was a greater privilege than ever to attend the meeting, as the chief speakers were M. Jusserand and M. Viviani. The former has been French Ambassador to the United States for the past eighteen years and is a man of literary distinction both in his own country and the United States. He is especially known for his studies of the England of Shakespeare's time. The latter is an ex-Premier of France and one of the most distinguished statesmen of that country. He arrived in America recently as Envoy Extraordinary to the United States, to bring the greetings of France to the newly elected President and to ascertain the attitude of the present government toward the Allies' negotiations with Germany.

Because of the presence of these distinguished diplomats, many of the affiliated societies could send but one delegate. But Barringer, because of the remarkable work of its French Circle, in which a large number of students are interested, was allowed to send five delegates.

The Federation held its business meeting in the morning, at which reports were read and the election of officers took place. Then followed the luncheon, which was a delightful affair seasoned with patriotic music. After the luncheon, Ambassador Jusserand delivered a stirring address in which he praised the spirit shown at the all-American meeting at Madison Square Garden and the stand taken by our government that Germany should meet her treaty obligations. He said that the United States did not forget what France had done for her in the Revolution, and that France will never forget what the United States has done for her. He also sounded a note of warning against propaganda intended to produce distrust of one another among the Allies. At the close of his address, he was given a tremendous ovation.

George W. Wickersham, former Attorney-General of the United States, delivered a most excellent discourse in which he assured the distinguished Frenchmen that America would give Germany no encouragement in her efforts to evade the payment of her indemnity. He closed with the statement that as in the past France has been without reproach; so in the future she will be without fear.

M. Viviani began his address with a warm tribute to Ambassador Jusserand, who, he said, had won the hearts of the American people and enabled them to understand the spirit of France. He stated that France was asking of Germany only a sum sufficient to pay the pensions of the widows and orphans of the war. He contrasted the wanton destruction of homes and industry by the Germans in France with the better conditions in these respects in Germany and said that reparation for such destruction must be made.

At the conclusion of his address, he decorated

ADIOS

the Vice-President-General of the Federation, Mr. Frank D. Pavey, and the Vice-President of the Canadian section, M. Gonzalve Desaulmers, with the insignia of the Knights of the Legion of Honor for their work on behalf of France.

Such meetings cannot fail to increase in this country our knowledge of French life and literature, and strengthen the ties that bind together the two great republics.

The five delegates wish to express their appreciation to the four hundred and fifty members of the French Circle in Barringer for their work and contributions which made it possible for the delegates to attend the meeting as representatives of the school. It certainly was a great privilege, one that will never be forgotten.

A MESSAGE FROM THE INDIANS.

The special feature of the auditorium exercises on Tuesday morning, April fifth, was the visit of Miss Mabel Knight, a lover and student of the Indians, who has once before visited Barringer.

Her second talk was about the Iroquois Indians, the so-called Indians of the "long house," which was the symbol of their government. As to the origin of the Indian race, research has shown that the red man antedates the civilization of Babylonia and Egypt.

By the English of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who had settled in America, the Iroquois were known as the Five Nations—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, to which the Tuscaroras were afterward added.

Miss Knight then told some of the legends of the origin of the Indians, especially of the Six Nations, in which Hiawatha is a real Iroquois character who helped to form the firm league of Six Nations. The Indian women of olden times had, contrary to general opinion, a great deal of influence in domestic and tribal affairs.

England would never have won the French and Indian War, she said, if it had not been for the very much needed aid which the Six Nations rendered. In the Revolution, most of the nations fought on the English side because they believed their English leader would have wished it had he lived. However, because of the manner in which England neglected her Indian allies, they formed the mainstay of the defence for the frontier along the Great Lakes in the War of 1812. As an evidence of the native ability of the Indian, General Grant had, during the Civil War, a full-blooded American Indian as a secretary.

Thus through the years the red man has helped America. But now his welfare requires that he be an American citizen, and it is toward this end that Miss Knight is working.

As a fitting conclusion, the speaker portrayed, in full Indian costume, an Iroquoian wedding ceremonial dance. From the applause which Miss Knight received, she may easily know that an invitation is always extended to her by the teachers and students of Barringer.

ITALIAN CLUB.

The March meeting of the Italian Club was held on Friday, the 18th, in the Science Lecture Room, from 12:30 to 1:30. Jerry Garfola presided. After the minutes for the February meeting were read and accepted, the secretary, Genevieve Weyand, read the Constitution of the Club, for the benefit of the new members.

Miss Mancusi-Ungaro then spoke, congratulating the Club on the serious manner in which they have worked to uphold their ideals throughout the past year. She then made an earnest appeal for the co-operation of all the members of the Club towards influencing, by their example, the younger students to acquire habits of cleanliness and neatness.

A central committee, consisting of one student from each grade, was formed, and Julia Esposito was appointed chairman. The task of this committee will be to create and sustain sympathetic understanding and interest among the club members. The nomination of a discussion committee, to present the pro and con of every motion of interest before the club, is being considered by the councillors.

Preparations for the commemoration of the six hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante are going on apace. Miss Coult and Miss Mancusi-Ungaro are arranging a program to be given to the school the early part of May. Three committees are already busy selecting draperies and books for the alcove in the library. Miss Anna di Giorlamo is chairman of the art committee, Mr. Vincent di Martino heads the book committee, and Miss Anna Federici is in charge of the exhibit committee—collecting pictures and articles of interest connected with the Florence and the Italy of Dante's period. Every one is working enthusiastically and skillfully, and no doubt the combined result of all their labors will be most striking.

GIRLS' LEAGUE.

The March meeting of the Girls' League was held on March 22 at 11:30. It was called to order by the President. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted. The report of the nominating committee was given. At a later meeting the following officers were elected: President, Charlotte Stearns; Vice-President, Kathryn Elkins; Recording Secretary, Annie Dillingham; Corresponding Secretary, Mary Margaret Barr; Treasurer, Margaret Durand.

ADIOS.

The League was entertained by Mrs. Dora Becker Schaeffer, a violinist. It was a very enjoyable meeting. Adjournment took place at 12:15.

THE SPANISH CLUB.

The first meeting of the Spanish Club for this term was held on Friday afternoon, March fourth. The election of officers was held and the results are as follows:

President—Al Byrne.
Vice-President—Beatrice Murray.
Secretary—Rosalie Lewitt.
Treasurer—Edward McGuire.

Mr. Zweibel was again chosen faculty adviser.

There are several interesting plans for work this term which the members hope soon to realize.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

A remarkably interesting meeting of the Science Club was held on Friday afternoon, April eighth. The president, John Ruchelshaus, gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the radiophone. After a brief history of the development of the phone he prophesied that the invention will be of world-wide importance within a few years.

Ruchelshaus then described a few of the various uses to which he has put his apparatus; some, indeed, were very amusing. A musical program which was transmitted from his home to the school was presented. Reports have been received stating that his messages can be obtained as far distant as St. Louis and South Carolina.

During an intermission, Mr. J. Wilmer Kennedy, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, gave a short talk.

The number of students and members of the faculty present at this meeting was very encouraging to those directing the work of the Science Club. It is hoped this organization will give similar demonstrations in the near future so that other members of the school not ablt to be present on this occasion may enjoy the treat.

SERVICE CLUB.

Because of the two sessions, the Service Club has found it very difficult to hold meetings. However, during the month of March, there were two, one of which was very important.

The second meeting of the month, held on March twenty-eighth, was chiefly for the election of officers, who are the following:

President—Beatrice Kenny.
Vice-President—Irene O'Crowley.
Treasurer—Edna Van Duyne.
Secretary—Betty Gray.

In order to increase the resources in the treasury, the girls have been selling ginghams, from which they realized nearly fifteen dollars.

Plans are to be made in the near future for the Club to give a party for the blind children of the public schools of Newark. The girls have done this for several years, and each time the children and their teachers thought the affair was a great success.

The members of the Club are also taking an active interest in the Home for Crippled Children on Park Avenue. Each week, three girls expect to visit the little ones to entertain them in some way and to take them some things which they will enjoy.

Barringer is indeed grateful to Mrs. Poland for the inspiration and guidance which she gives the members of the Barringer Service Club.

BIRD CLUB.

The Barringer Bird Club held a meeting on March 29, in room 33, for the purpose of electing officers. The officers elected are:

President—Miss Benjamin.
Vice-President—Miss Tronolone.

This term the meetings of the Bird Club will be held out-of-doors. Every one interested is invited to come to room 33 on any Tuesday or Thursday at 1:30 P. M.

To become a member, all you need to do is to have your name placed on the list, the first time you come.

THE THALIANS.

Once again, the Thalians are planning to give a series of one-act plays. Toward the last of May, they expect to present "A Sunny Morning"; "Where but in America," by Oscar M. Wolff, and possibly another short play.

Trials are to take place immediately. See Mr. Crosse at once. Thalians, wake up!

Barringer Students who are not already members of the Thalians should try for membership and learn how to act. New Thalians are always welcome!

THEATRE PARTY.

On Friday, April 8, a small group of students were fortunate enough to see Margaret Anglin. She appeared in the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides, playing the role of Clytemnestra. The play by Euripides is a tragedy which tells the story of a young girl's bravery, a father's determination, and, mostly, a mother's love. The Greek troops are assembled to go to Troy to regain the runaway Helen, but there is no wind. The ships stand in the harbor, the army is restless. Then, a seer is consulted and he declares that a sacrifice must be made to Artemis before she will send winds. This sacrifice must be a virgin, and this virgin must be the daughter of Agamemnon. Menelaus, Odysses and Agamem-

ADIOS? TURN TO PAGE 10.

non decide to send for the girl, Iphigenia, on the pretence of marrying her to Achilles. She is sent for, and before the message can be countermanded by a second one, Clytemnestra arrives with her daughter. The innocent girl is overjoyed at the sight of her father, and he is strangely moved by her affection. Then, so fate decrees, Clytemnestra meets Achilles, alone, and he knows nothing of the marriage. A servant appears and tells of the plot. Then, with Achilles' promise to save her daughter's life, Clytemnestra denounces her husband. He, however, is firm and says that the girl must be sacrificed. When Iphigenia hears of the ruse, she declares that she will gladly give her life for Greece, and amid the moans of her mother is led away to the altar. All seems over, when suddenly a messenger appears and declares that, as the sacrifice was ready to be offered, a mountain stag was substituted for the girl and she was taken to dwell with the gods. The story closes with the departure of the troops. Margaret Anglin, as Clytemnestra, the broken-hearted mother, was superb. She showed the true mother-love, and any one who was not moved by her wonderful acting was indeed cold. Surely Euripides himself could have but been satisfied with the marvelous production.

FRESHMAN ASSEMBLY NOTES.

The afternoon assemblies are also interesting. Under the able leadership of Miss Darnell, and with the help of the orchestra, the students demonstrate how well they can sing both patriotic and Barringer songs. Keep up the good work.

On Tuesday afternoon, April fifth, the Thalians presented "The Obstinate Family," which was revived this winter and presented to the upper classes by the original cast with a few exceptions.

The actors should be very much pleased with the reception which was given it.

4=A CLASS.

A 4A Class meeting was held on Tuesday, March 15th, at 2:15. The meeting was opened by the President. The reports of the Secretary and of the various committees were given. It was decided to give a dance some time in April. Plans were discussed for the Senior Acropolis. The meeting adjourned at 3:00.

MORE A.A.A.A. NOTES.

At last, the Senior Acropolis Board has been chosen. Everybody seemed surprised by the large number of 4A's who turned out. Strange to say (or is it strange?) Class Knocks and Individual Epithets (Epitaphs, as Fred calls them) seemed most popular.

Stop! Look! and Listen! Freshies, Sophs, and Juniors, before you enter the Sanctum at this time, because if you don't you may get into trouble with the *big* Senior A's.

AAA CLASS.

At the last meeting of the 3A Class the entertainment committee reported that Mr. Stearns would permit them to have any kind of an entertainment, provided it took place on a Wednesday afernoon. But it was decided that it was better to wait awhile. The pin and ring committee reported that the rings had been selected and ordered. Then the meeting adjourned.

B. B. B. CLASS.

The 3B Class held a meeting on April 6. At this meeting the following officers were elected:

President—Harry Jefferies.
Vice-President—Jos. Sliker.
Treasurer—John Malanga.
Secretary—Ruth Robbins.

As there was no other business to be transacted the meeting adjourned.

"LE PRINTEMPS."

When morning's early hours
Brighten with dew my flow'rs,
I come to mountain sides,
Where, 'neath the cleft rock, hides
Clear water, trickling green—
Flows on the crystal stream.

Then, when the golden sphere
The awak'ning earth is near,
Call I the warmer winds
Whispering among the pines.
Where'er my footsteps be,
Nature would follow me.

In twilight's sunset glow,
O'er crested hills with snow,
Wander I where Beauty seeks
Life on the mountain peaks.
Then, from the earth, I see
Nature look up to me.

Deeper the darkness grows—
Hear the drip of melting snows!
The call of a bluebird
Through the still air is heard,
As, o'er the valley, night
Steals in its silent flight.

MABEL WATLRS.

"IT CAN'T BE DONE."

When I was asked to write a bit of verse,
It seemed to me that nothing could be worse.
I thought and thought of something I might write,
But there was not the dimmest ray of light.
Although some folks may think that this is fun,
I have concluded that it *can't be done.*

BURTON SALISBURY.

ADIOS?

Annie Bishop, Ch.
Bob Mezgar

Kathryn Elkins
Elizabeth De Voe

Catherine Williams

He spilled the coffee on my dome,
The waiter lank and lean;
Although he knew I did not want
My coffee in the bean.

2=B LATIN.

Paul—What does Cæsar mean?
Pauline—Grab 'er.

Rip—What goes good with these cheese dreams?
Anne—Nightmares.

JUST ABOUT.

Anne—What's the difference between a dance and a dawnce?
Bob—About four bucks.

FLIRTING WITH TIME.

She stopped and gazed, he moved his hand,
Though his face was stern as a rock.
For she was only a passer-by,
And he was the "Old Town" clock.

FAMOUS EVES.

New Year's ——
—— Tanguay
Adam and ——
—— Droppers
B——o
Christmas ——
Hallow ——
Genevi——

Mr. Losee—Why were you late?
Nell Reynolds—The bell rang before I got here.

Elsky—Roshein's quite a machinist, isn't he?
Davis—Yes, when her father came downstairs the other night, he made a bolt for the door.

KAN U IMAGINE.

Frances Clark without a hairnet?
Marjorie Chapman screaming?
Mary Margaret with bobbed hair?
Miriam Hoffman grouchy?
Addison Poland hurrying through the corridors on the way to class?
Fred Frost not talking with some one in the corridors?
Anne, Nell, and Melita not together?
Roma Hegaman with her hair slicked back?
Herbert Rohn a tearoom hound?
Ruth Soden not late for school?
Jean Morrill not up to mischief?
Alice Johnson not co-operating with Jean?
Sidney Blumberg not saying something foolish?
Harriette Bellah cutting gym?
Betty Gray ambitious?
Knowlton Reade not acting like a two-year-old?
Harlan De Voe walking down a corridor alone?
Nell Reynolds not arriving breathlessly in 31 at 8:29?
Mr. Milwitzky real angry?
Sorotsky not chewing gum?
Bill Perry training elephants?
George Haight not making himself conspicuous?
Mr. Stearns without rubber heels?
Carlyss Welsh living on a farm in Kansas?
A mouse in auditorium?

Why did Miss Semon hand in an English theme entitled "Handholding" when she meant to say "Landholding"?

ADIOS?

We just wondered how long it would be before Mr. Stearns spoke to the 1B's about the papers in the park.

WISE SAYINGS.

1. You tell 'em, fence, you've been around a lot.
2. You tell 'em, goldfish, you've been around the globe.
3. You tell 'em, chink, you've got the queue.
4. You tell 'em, cabbage, you've got the head.
5. You tell 'em, rouge, my lip sticks.
6. You tell 'em, lumber, you know how to box.
7. You tell 'em, beads, you know how to string 'em.

Talkative Female—Doctor, why have I lost my teeth?

Doctor—You have worn them out with your tongue.

Mat—Tell us the best way to make the hours go fast?

Dutch—Use the spur of the moment.

SHEAR WIT.

Brutus—How many doughnuts did you eat, Cæsar?

Cæsar—Et tu, Brute.

"All that the motion picture lacks is the mere matter of human speech."

"Heavens! Don't the folks that sit back of you usually make up that deficiency?"

"Had a fight in my house last night."

"How's that?"

"The door swung on the hinges."

Mike—Yes, sor, I was in charge, but a bullet hit me.

Zeke—Were you incapacitated?

Mike—No, sor, I was in Flanders.

From a 1B science exam.: "A nerve cell is a little hole in the brain with a gray color."

Cohn (translating Virgil)—"Telum . . . rauco quod protinus aere (bronze) repulsum"—"the weapon . . . which was straightway repulsed by the clanging air."

Mr. Dann—That must be the music of the spheres we've heard about.

"Who told you to put that paper on the wall?" roared the head of the house.

"Your wife, sir," replied he decorator.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said hubby.

Jenkins was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper the announcement of his own death. He called up his friend Smith at once.

"Hello, Smith. Did you see the noice of my death in the paper?"

Smith—Yes, where are you speaking from?

Countryman—The ladies here are awful conceited.

Manager—Why, some of the finest women in the country stay at this hotel.

Countryman—But why advertise if you miss your car?

Manager—What do you mean?

Countryman—Listen!

And down the lobby came a page crying, "Mrs. de Vere—Mr. Carr—Mrs. de Vere—Mr. Carr."—The Crescent.

After suffering a toothache a long time a colored girl summoned enough nerve to go to the dentist.

As soon as he touched her tooth she screamed; so he said: "Don't scream; don't you know I'm a painless dentist?"

"Mebbe you is, sir," said she, "but ah isn't."

Mr. Congleton—Is my son getting well grounded on geometry.

Mr. Johnson—I should put it stronger than that. I should say he is stranded on it.

FAR FETCHED.

Oil—You should have seen me trying to get here on time. I had to run for all I was worth.

Can—What did you finally get, a jitney?

White—Did you favor the Honor System at the recent election?

Green—I sure did. Why, I voted for it five times.

Miss Ahl (in history)—He then went to the bottom of the Mississippi and out into the Gulf of Mexico.

Did you ever sit and wonder,
Sit and ponder, sit and think,
How your mark's changed by a blunder
Or a few marks in red ink?

A 1B doesn't know what to think of the Seniors after hearing Fred Frost offer the following toast at a club banquet: "Here's to our wives and sweethearts; may they never meet."

TURN TO PAGE 13

Jack—What is the meaning of that whistle I hear?

Bill (not understanding the query)—I don't know, but I think some one is pulling the rope.

MIND OVER MATTER.

A Professor, while roaming through the fields, found himself confronted by a bull. Desiring to pass and also not to offend the beast, the Professor said: "My friend, you are my superior in strength, but I am your superior in mind, and so being equally gifted, let us arbitrate the matter." "Oh, no," said the bull, "let's toss up for it." The Professor lost.

First Office Boy—I told the boss to look at the dark circles under my eyes and see if I didn't need a day off.

Second Office Boy—What did he say?

First O. B.—He said I needed a bar of soap.

Teacher—I have twelve sheep in a pen and one gets out, how many are left in the pen?

Dutch (who has worked on a farm)—None.

Teacher—You know better than that; there would be eleven left.

Dutch—Please, ma'am, you may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep.

HEADS AND POINTS.

Marder—I wonder where all the pins go.

Mankowitz—Can't say. They are always pointed one way and headed the other.

DEEP.

Nervous Tenderfoot—Is it far to land?

Sea Scout—Only half a mile straight down.

FOR A SHORT PERIOD.

Teacher—Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?

Willie—Course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour.

Said the Tooth Paste to the Tooth Brush, "Squeeze me tight and I'll meet you outside the tube."

SCOUT OBSERVATION.

After the lunch, a tenderfoot was heard to remark:

"I eat so much that I feel uncomfortable."

"Johnny's sentence is incorrect," smiled the very correct Scoutmaster. "What should he have said, boys?"

"I don't know the proper language," remarked another tenderfoot, "but I noticed he ate enough for two Scouts"

Lester—Hey! Look at the smokestacks on that ship and you will laugh.

Ayers—Laugh? Why?

Lester—Because that's where the funnel be.

SIGHT TESTS.

Tourist—Are there any good distant views around here?

Native—Fair. On clear nights we can see as far as the moon and on clear days we can see all the way to the sun.

First Constable—Did yer git that guy's number?

Second Ditto—No, he was too fast fer me. That wuz some pretty pert-lookin' girl in the back seat, though, wasn't it?

First Ditto—She sure wuz.

Lovers in the hallway,
Papa on the stair;
Bulldog on the front porch,
Music in the air.

Eleanor—I hear John has a soft job.

Mary—Yes, he works in a cream cheese factory.

Young Arthur was studying his lesson in grammar. "Father," he said thoughtfully, "what part of speech is 'woman.'"

"'Woman,' my boy," said his father, "is not a part of speech; she is all of it."

Mule in the barnyard, lazy and slick,
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick,
Creeps up behind him, quiet as a mouse—
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

Jack—Is Art lazy?

Ed—I should say so. When he stays with me all night, he waits until I finish my prayers and then says "Amen."

Pater—What's that awful noise on the piano.

Mater—That's only Willie practising his scales.

Pater—No wonder he plays by the pound.

A—My dad is in the chair of applied physics at Yale.

B—That's nothing; my dad's going to be put in the chair of applied electricity at Sing Sing.

ADIOS?

A farmer who called his newly employed farm hands at four o'clock was surprised to see them walking down the road a few minutes later.

"Say, come back here and eat your breakfast before you go to work."

"We ain't going to work. We're hunting for a place to stay all night."

Handelman—What is a space writer?

Owen—A man who writes a book on astronomy.

"Univgasaerntuinalfinajuarjurisiguejak" is Eskimo for "I love you." Maybe that's why the Arctic nights are so long.

We heard that friend De Voe was traveling not long ago, and the journey was quite long, so he went to sleep. When he awoke, he was aware of a sticky sensation between his collar and the back of his neck. He was startled into consciousness by the howls of a child behind him: "Oh, ma, that man's got my gum!"

"So your pop's got a new set of false teeth. What's he going to do with the old ones?"

"Dunno. I expect ma will cut them down for me later on."

Miss Romer—Is there any difference between farm products and farm implements?

Ann—No, madam.

Miss Romer—Well, tell your mother you would like to have some farm implements for supper.

Mr. Nicklas—All this happened over four hundred years ago.

1B—Gee! What a memory you've got!

When you're up, you're up!
When you're down, you're down!
But when you're up against Barringer,
You're upside down!

BARBARIANS.

Barber—How do you like the razor, sir?

Victim—I could hardly realize I was being shaved.

Barber (flattered)—Then what did you imagine, sir?

Victim—That I was being sandpapered.

1st Father—How much do you give your son for spending money?

2nd Father—Not a cent. He spends all he can get without any urging.

HANGING ROUND THE OFFICE.

Whene'er you hap to pass the door,
No matter what you're looking for,
There's always five or six or more,
  Hanging 'round the office.
Some were late, or cut a class;
Other caught walking on the grass,
And so an hour or two they pass
  Hanging 'round the office.
Two freshmen with a ball did play,
They broke a window far away,
And now they spend the live-long day
  Hanging 'round the office.
A senior and a sophomore
Were fighting on the second floor,
And now each one is weak and sore,
  Hanging 'round the office.
It's just one of life's little jokes.
It makes one laugh until he chokes.
But soon or later *we* are the blokes
  Hanging 'round the office.

Mary had a little lamb.
  Her father shot it dead.
Now Mary takes her lamb to school
  Between two chunks of bread.

Father—No, son, I do not know the Latin word for people.

Son—Populi.

Ma—John, how dare you accuse father of lying?

Full—I'm going out for quarterback.

Back—You better go for drawback.

Jack—Have you read "The Borrowed Shilling"?

Tom—No, but it sounds like a touching tale.

Returned Soldier—Shall I be able to play the piano when my hand gets better?

Doc—Certainly.

R. S.—That's fine. I never could before.

Mr. Hart—A person is an idiot to bother about descent.

Stude—Yes, unless he happens to be an aviator.

A fellow wouldn't be so anxious for a girl's hand if he thought it would always be in his pocket.

The Pencil—Hm! Now that she votes with me, I suppose she'll learn how to sharpen me.

She—If some one were to kidnap me, would you offer a reward?

He—Certainly! I always reward those who do me favors.

ADIOS?

GRADUATION NOTES

EMMA ZIEGLER, Ch. BETTY H. HOLLAND

The new furnishings of the teachers' room on the first floor of Barringer were presented to the teachers of the school by the Alumnæ Association on March 17. The room was dedicated to the memory of Dr. Sara Mead, who was connected with Barringer. She was at one time a pupil here. It was through Dr. Mead's efforts and financial aid that our lunchroom was instituted. By a strange coincidence the dedication of the room took place on the third anniversary of the death of Dr. Ward.

Mrs. Crum, President of the Alumnæ, presided at the exercises. Miss Coult received the room on behalf of the teachers. Mrs. Richard Jenkinson, a patient and personal friend of Dr. Mead, gave some reminiscences of her. A letter from Mrs. Robert Mead, a sister-in-law, was read. Mrs. Poland made a statement of the work of the Association so far, and urged that everything possible be done to make the existence of the Association known. It was Mrs. Poland's suggestion that the new room be dedicated to Dr. Mead.

The room is furnished very simply but beautifully. Everything is in harmony. Blue and gray predominate in the furnishings. The chandelier and the chairs were given by the Board of Education, and the draperies were donated by the Alumnæ Association. Mrs. Charles Henry, chairman of the committee, with the assistance of Miss Rowdin and Mrs. Tompkins, made the draperies. The school is indebted to Mrs. Crum and the other women who assisted for the delightful improvement in the beauty and serviceableness of the room.

GRADUATION NOTES.

Martin Unfried, Charles Barkhorn, and A. R. Sherman, all of the class of '19, have been elected to the "Dial Lodge Club" of Princeton.

Willard Van Houten, Jr., '20, has been elected assistant manager of freshman football by the Cornell Major Sports Council. This election gives "Van" the position of manager of freshman football next year.

Any Barringer boy going to Stevens Institute will find a warm welcome in the Recorder's office, for Dorothy Mitchell, '10, is the Recorder there. For over a year Miss Mitchell has taken care of the records, answered inquiries, and has arranged schedules for the boys at the 'Stute.

Anna Troland and Elizabeth Tully, '19, are practising in Newark schools.

Jean Lutz, '19, is at Wheaton College.

Daisy Rose, '19, is training at the City Hospital.

Stuart Hedden, '17, is at Wesleyan.

Isador Davis, '13, is practising law in Newark.

Marjory Lee, a graduate of 1917, is attending Smith College.

Margaret Nelson has graduated from Cornell Medical University, with an M.D. degree.

Agnes Poole, of June, '18, is at the Women's College at Rutgers.

Anna McCarren and Grace Thompson, '18, are studying to be gym teachers.

Nina Wilcox is at Pratt's, training to teach domestic art.

Katheryne Davis is at Hollins College, Virginia.

Elizabeth Hedden and Anna O'Mally, '20, are at Normal.

AN ELEGY.

Continued from Page Five.

Now fades the gloomy building from my sight,
And all the air with joyful shouts resounds,
Save where the freshmen pass with raucous noise,
Or little boys play craps upon the ground.

And now within the ivy-mantled walls
The students to the teachers do complain,
As I have done, at times with some success,
Or, as in many cases, quite in vain.

But I am happy as the day is long.
All anxious cares and gray thoughts leave my mind
As joyously I wend my onward way,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

Oh, let this be the epitaph of those
Whom all dead languages and classics bore:
"Of all the excuses used in ages past,
They used them all, and e'en discovered more."

MARION MARBLE.

FROM THE FORTY-WONDER.

Dr. Quack—My dear sir, it's a good thing you came to me.

Pay Shent—Why, Doc? Are you broke?

ADIOS?

"A PROHIBITION HERO."

Continued from Page Six.

alcohol and a liquid which resulted from separating the alcohol from the cider.

"Pretty clever," remarked Jimmy. "I've sure got to hand it to them."

He slipped quietly out and made a clean getaway.

An hour later he was in the office of the Inspector of Internal Revenue, telling his sttory.

* * * * * * * * * *

"James H. Paige, of this city, helps round up bootleggers. Doyle, of Doyle Dairy Co., pleads guilty. Cream separators used."

The "Morning News" proclaimed this the next day in large headlines and made many a man late to business because he became interested in the exciting news item.

Eloise Barnes read the news with mingled feelings of wonder and admiration and immediately called Jim up.

He came immediately. Gone now his hesitation. Gone now his bashfulness. He greeted her boldly and told her all about it without stammering once. He ended with these words:

"And now, dearest, you are mine. I have earned you."

"Yes, Jim, I am yours."

* * * * * * * * * *

That is how it should have ended, but it didn't. For, three weeks after jilting Jim, in January, she had married H. Edwin Barnett.

Helen Holler—Oh, dear! I've lost my pocketbook! I hope no one opens it!

Polly Van Doren—Any money in it?

Helen Holler—No, but a lot of those jokes you told me.

Mr. Crosse—That is more important for American girls than the French. Every one of us eats too much sweets.

"Darling," said the lovelorn youth, "for weeks something has been trembling on my lips."

"Why don't you shave the silly thing off, if it bothers you?" said the practical-minded girl.

X—So you're a revenue officer now?

Y—Yes.

X—What do you do when you find whiskey?

Y—I perform my duty to the last drop.

WHAT IT DID.

Willis—Did the war do anything for you?

Gillis—Sure did. It taught me to save peachstones, tinfoil, newspapers, and all kinds of junk. In fact, I can now save anything except money.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

In days of yore, a maiden sweet
  Would write her meaning clearly;
And finish up her note so neat
  With simply, "Yours sincerely."

But modern Janes have changed a bit—
  They fib the whole note through;
And then tack on the end of it,
  "There's no one, dear, but you!"

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.

One case where talk isn't cheap.

Ed—Oh, she's simply wonderful, a perfect beaut, graceful and marvelous lines, and speed—I'll tell the world speed's her middle name. She's a stunner.

Rip—Gimme an introduction. What's her name?

Ed—1921 Mercer.

Elsky—Exams are like the poor.

Miss Lemon—Why?

Elsky—They are always with us.

Charlie—I wonder what you wear in heaven.

Louise—I know what I'll wear if I see you there.

Charlie—What?

Louise—A surprised look.

Mary had a little flea,
  She got it from the dog;
She put it on a little pig,
  And now it's on the hog.

THE STUDENT'S AID.

Books of all kinds bought, sold, exchanged. We also have a complete line of school supplies, including erasers, chalk, pens, pencils, trolley tickets, and geometric instruments. In connection with our book-store we also conduct a reading-room. Debates, speeches, or chemistry experiments written up for insignificant and nominal sums. Due to the absence of Mr. Knoeital, we are unable to learn any lessons for any one for the time being. We aim to please.

De Voe and Frost Co.,
School Supplies, Receivers of Stolen Goods.

Miss North—Girls, come out of the hall and keep your eyes in the room.

Melita—The Glee Club is going to sit on pine benches.

Nell—Why?

Melita—So they can get the pitch.

ADIOS?

Margaret Kohn, Ch.
Mildred Greene

Marion Knight
Robert Metcalfe

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

"Tuskegee Student," Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.
"Williams Record," Williamstown, Mass.
"Wesleyan Argus," Middletown, Conn.
"Speed Up," Submarine Boat Corporation.
"Observer," Ansonia High School, Ansonia, Conn.
"Distaff," Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.
"Polymnian," Newark Academy, Newark, N. J.
"Nassau Literary Magazine," Princeton, N. J.
"East Orange News," East Orange, N. J.
"Somerset Idea," Somerset, Ky.
"Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.
"Peddie News," Hightstown, N. J.
"Chronicle," Wright High School, New Orleans, La.
"Pine Needle," Lakewood, N. J.
"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.
"Creedonian," Speyer Junior High School, New York.
"Holman Magazine," Philadelphia, Pa.
"Periscope," Perth Amboy, N. J.
"Office Topics," Baker Printing Co.
"Item," Pasadena High School.
"Optimist," South Side High School, Newark, N. J.
"Tiger," Princeton, N. J.
"Jester," Columbia University, New York.
"North Star," North High School, Syracuse, N. Y.
"Sunrise," Erie, Pa.
"Parnassian, Passaic, N. J.
"Brown Alumni Monthly," Providence, R. I.
"Humanist."

"The Red and White," Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J.

Your material is good, but needs a few changes in its arrangement. We consider editorials, literature, school news, athletics, jokes and exchanges a good order. The cartoons and jokes are very good, but your athletic department is rather small.

"Holman Magazine," Philadelphia, Pa.

The neat appearance of your magazine creates a good impression at first sight. The cover is attractive and the whole paper well edited.

"The Pine Needle," Lakewood High.

An excellent edition, well written and neatly arranged. Your array of ads is staggering. Editorials are fine. Exchange department is especially good.

"The Item," Pasadena High School.

Congratulations on your fine authors and poets. The illustrations for your stories are great. Cuts are original, to say the least. One of our best exchanges. Keep up the good work.

"The North Star," North High School.

Instead of scattering your jokes through the ads, why not group them all under the Joke department? School notes are exceptionally well written. Come again!

"The Observer," Ansonia, Conn.

A very clever little paper. Your Literary department is especially fine. Why not a Table of Contents?

"The Creedonian," Speyer Junior High School, N. Y. C.

Yours is an interesting paper, "Creedonian." The spirit pervading the whole sheet seems to be excellent. A few more jokes, however, would liven it up.

"Sunrise," Erie, Pa.

Good work- Your paper is the most complete and interesting received this month. Keep it up.

"The Optimist," South Side High School, Newark, N. J.

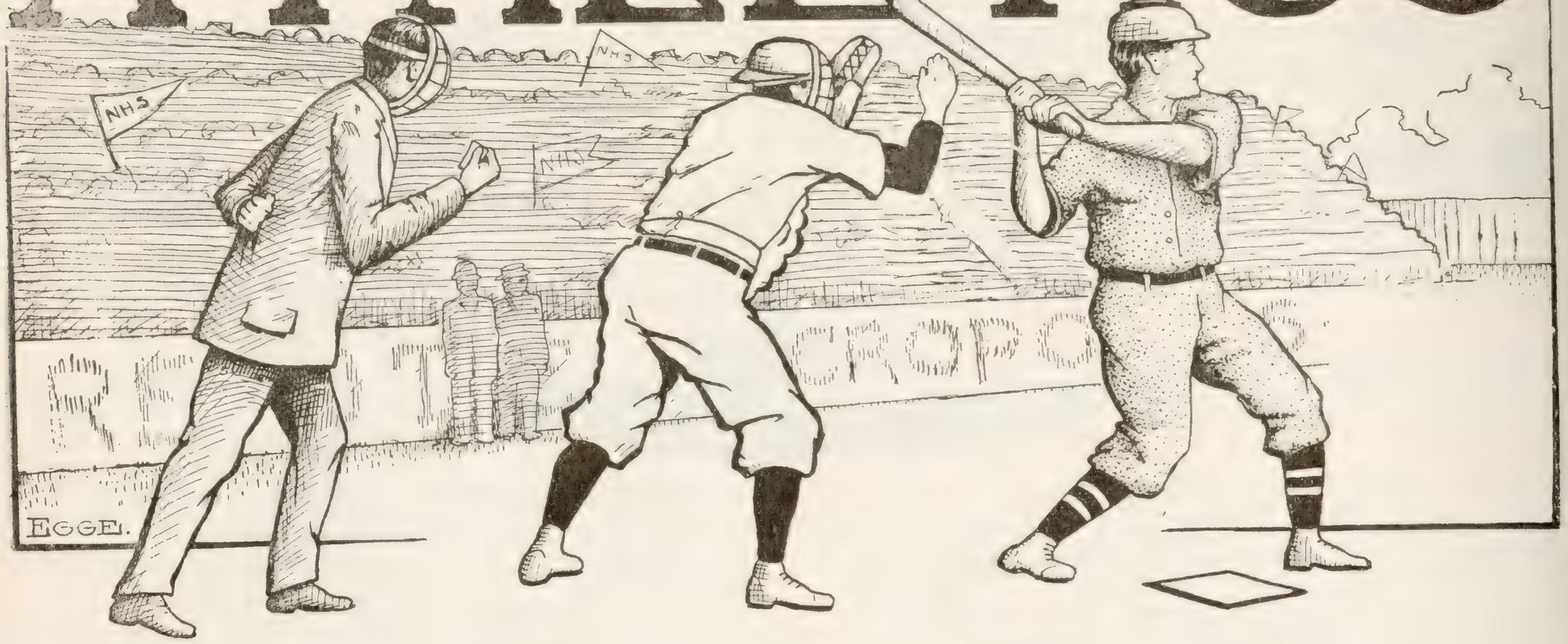
Your paper is very neat as well as interesting and shows an earnest effort on the part of the board. The cartoons and verse are entertaining, and the cuts worthy of praise.

"The Polymnian," Newark Acadmey, Newark, N. J.

Surely a live publication. The editorials are up to the minute, the stories well written, the cuts attractive. For improvement you might add a few more personals.

ADIOS?

ATHLETICS



Wallace Fern
George Haight

Lew Westreich, Chairman

Ruth Soden
Ed. Stevens

BARRINGER VS. ST. BENEDICTS.

Barringer played her opening game at the city field, Wednesday, April 13. Apparently the date was against us, for the game resulted in a 12 to 0 victory for St. Benedicts. Our team this year is composed of almost an entirely new bunch, Captain Miele, Junker, and Witt being the only veterans.

The game started off with Ownie Carroll pitching for St. Benedicts and Fred Witt pitching for Barringer. During the first four innings everything went fine, both pitchers doing themselves credit. In the first half of the fifth, however, the St. Benedict batsmen seemed to get Witt's number, for they brought in seven runs. Kelly then took the place of Witt in the next inning and continued there throughout the remainder of the game. He was scored on five times.

There were three stolen bases credited to our team, and none to St. Benedicts, who tried to steal once and, thanks to Miele, were effectively discouraged. Miele's good catching kept their men "glued" to the bases. The outfield starred, catching all of the ten flies batted out to it. "Doc" Malanga caught seven of them.

Two of our men, Barney and Eichhorn, gave some excitement to the game by getting on third, but each time the third out came before a run was scored. The nearest we came to a run was when our friend Hugh made a "home run" on a foul ball. Throughout the game the team showed fine spirit and co-operation, and all are looking eagerly forward to the next contest.

The line-ups were:

Barringer—		St. Benedicts—
Malanga, cf.	1	Farrel, cf.
Eichhorn, ss.	2	Mahon, c.
Kelly, 2b.	3	Nelson, ss.
Miele, c.	4	Caroll, p.
Witt, p.	5	Coll, 3b.
Barney, 1b.	6	Boland, lf.
Brower, rf.	7	O'Keef, 1b.
Baldwin, 3b.	8	O'Neil, 2b.
Junker, lf.	9	Borneman, rf.

Substitutions—Fraser for Eichhorn, Kelly for Witt, McCormick for Farrel.

Above is a photo of "Doc" Malanga making one of his miraculous plays.

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Allow three inches less than natural waist measure. Send registered letter or money order only.

THE SECRET WILL BE REVEALED—

A TALE OF 2020.

Continued from Page Eight.

the enterprising Croton carefully struck the big center sixteen-cylinder engine, crippling the Havens three thousand feet above the earth. Crippled and afire, the Avenger dropped like a meteor to the earth below, where it lay, a symbol of Destruction. The Conqueror gracefully glided to a landing. Two men jumped from the plane and ran to the burning wreck. A white strata of ashes near the driver's seat and a bowl-like hole, thirty feet away, satisfied them that the Italian king had been avenged.

THE ACROPOLIS jokes are fine,
The same with its fiction and rhyme.
They are chuck full of pep
And keep right in quick step,
For it's Barringer's news of the time.

"I can read Cholly like a book."

"You're foolish to strain your eyes over small type."

Blumberg—How about free speech? Isn't speech free.

Boxer—Yeah! I'd hate to pay for anything like yours.

He—Seventy-five dollars for a new hat! It's a sin!

She—Never mind. The sin will be on my head.

Joke Editor—Do you know Anne?

A Simple Student—Anne who?

Joke E.—Anne Atomy.

A. S. S.—No, I don't know her, but I know Anne Aesthetic, Anne Onymous, Anne Agram, Anne Alogy, Anne Athema, Anne Alyzer, Anne Imation, and Anne Thracite, and by reading your columns I met Anne Ecdotes and Anne Tediluvianjokes.

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6 West Park Street 6

THE PAGE AFTEN THIS ONE

Haight—Yep, they found the guy that went over the falls in a barrel.

Crabb—Where?

George—Down playing golf with the Maid of the Mist.

Domonkos (translating)—Her eyes hurt him.

Dippel—Gee, must have been some lamps.

Teacher—Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate.

Jarvis—I have.

Teacher—What is it?

Jarvis—Thirty days!

Metcalfe (in Chem.)—Miss Tunstead, how do you make matches?

Betty—I'm going home. My head is just swimming.

'Lizabeth—O, I see. Water on the brain.

Harlan—That fellow hasn't a dishonest hair on his head.

Toby—He must be bald.

Maggie—Fred, what are you doing?

Fred—I'm going to reduce to a fraction.

Only good-looking people should read this!

O, you conceited thing!

Coit—Have you a little fairy in your home?

Haight—No, but I have a little miss in my engine.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

"Dull party, isn't it?"

"Very dull, yes."

"Let's clear out."

"Can't; I live here."

Brigden—Lend me a dollar?

Hamilton—Can't. It's "Lent."

OH SLUSH.

Beth Barnett (in music store)—Say, mister, have you "Baby Dreams"?

Clever Clerk—No, but I have winning ways.

GOOD IDEA.

Storekeeper—Anything I can do for you, my friend?

Blodgett—Have you got any nice new white shirts?

Storekeeper—A storeful of them.

Stu—Well, go in and put one on.

CHEESE.

Bevo—What comes after cheese?

Nito—Don't know.

Bevo—Mice, of course.

Patrol Leader—Jones, if a man had four potatoes and five children, and he wants each child to have an equal share, what is he going to do?

Tenderfoot—Mash the potatoes.

Irene—His neck looks like my typewriter.

Ethel—Why?

Irene—It's "Underwood."

ANOTHER ONE.

Bill—When I was young, I was left an orphan.

Harlan—*Wh—what did you do with it!!?*

A FAMILIAR PASSAGE.

(Apology to Shakespeare.)

To flunk or not to flunk,
That is the question!

SPOILING THE MOTION PICTURE.

Movie Queen (to assistant manager, who dropped glycerine bottle)—Now see what you've done! You've shed all my tears.

HEARD IN 99.

Mr. N.—Well, Miss Holland, suppose you tell us what ether is.

Betty—Ether is nothing but it's everywhere; anyway, it puts people asleep quick enough.

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"I heard that Jenkins' car was stolen yesterday."

"Lucky dog! Perhaps he can catch up with his gas bill before they can find it."—Judge.

HIRED.

Mrs. Gazippe—I'm rather hard to please. Have you had much experience as a maid?"

The Applicant—I worked for the Scrapleigh Stiles for six months before they separated."

Mrs. Gazippe—I'll engage you. Now tell me all about it.—Boston Globe.

HER BOOKKEEPING.

She—I saved the money to buy this sweater, dear.

He—Very unusual. How did you do it?

She—I bought it with the money you gave me for my hat—and had the hat charged.—Judge.

TRUE TO ITS NAME.

Mrs. Willis (whispering to her husband at fashionable dinner)—That one there is thte fish-fork, John.

Mr. Willis—Don't I know it? I've fished it out of the gravy three times already.—Judge.

"AMERICAN" SPOKEN HERE!

Salesgirl—Shall I sharge it?

Pretty French Girl (unable to think of C. O. D.)—No, send it! Send it three letters!

Salesgirl—I don't understand, madam.

P. F. G.—I know now. Send it B. V. D. Judge.

NOISY ECONOMY.

Wife—Oh, John, do stop that noise! What are you doing out in the kitchen?

Susband—I'm trying to make this margarine sound like a pound of butter.—Judge.

A FINANCIAL LEAK.

Her Husband—Had your shopping-bag stolen with all your money in it, did you? Why didn't you keep the roll in the Stocking Bank?

Mrs. Smart—Cause there was a run on the bank.—Judge.

WE WAS COMPLETELY EVAPORATED.

She had received his gift of flowers with rapture.

"Oh, they are perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "And there's even a little dew on them still."

"Ee-y-yes," he stammered, "there's a little, but I intend to pay it Saturday night."—Judge.

HARD LUCK.

Little Boy—Aw, ma, it don't seem fair to make me brush my teeth just before I go to the dentist to have some pulled!—Life.

RULES.

Beth, aged six, announced at dinner: "Papa, I have made up three rules to go by, and I am going to keep them all my life. First, 'Be kind to every one'; second, 'Keep out of danger'; third, and best of all, 'When I grow up and get married and have a little girl of my own—if I have one—and the house gets afire, save the child.

POLITICS OF ACHILLES.

In an Americanization class in one of our large cities, Achilles Bonglis, a Greek, about fifty years old, was called upon to recite the oath of allegiance, and did so promptly: "I pledge allegiance to our flag and the *Republicans* for which it stands.—Life.

DIDN'T HAVE THE PRICE.

Returning home from the dentist's, where he had gone to have a loose tooth drawn, little Raymond reported as follows: "The doctor told me 'fore he began that if I cried or screamed it would cost me a dollar, but if I was a good boy it would be only fifty cents."

"Did you scream?" his mother asked.

"How could I?" answered Ray. "You only gave me fifty cents."—Judge.

AFTER WAITING.

Stranger (after impatient half-hour wait)—Pardon me! When does this trolley leave, anyway?

Lonesomeville Native—It doesn't. This be the waitin' room.—Judge.

Poland—Whence the black eye, old thing?

Thum—Oh, I went to a dance last night and was struck by the beauty of the place.

"Yes, Ebenezer, the reason they have bank tellers is that money talks."

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She—How do the mediums talk to the dead?
He—I guess they use Latin.
She—Why?
He—They have to use a dead language.

Van—Do you know that girl?
Stevens—I met her with her chaperone.
Van—You don't know her.

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

Helen—Say, didjever try a Boston Cooler?
Collier—Naw; none of them highbrow jails on my list.

He had married a widow and all went well for a week, when they had their first quarrel. The next morning he came down to breakfast with a mourning band on his arm.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said his wife. "What is it for?"

"For your first husband," he replied. "I'm sorry he died."

GETTING FLESH.

Landlady—What part of the chicken do you wish?

Boarder—Some of the meat, please.

Stage Manager—All ready, run up the curtain.

Stagehand—Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?—Froth.

He—You sure have skinny stockings, dear.
She—How extraneous! Elucidate!
He—Why, I can see their ribs.—Scalper.

Toby—Have you ever done any public speaking.

Lester—I once proposed to a girl over the telephone in my home town.

BIB. LIT. CLASS.

"Say, Jim, how far are you in Biblical Lit?
"Oh, we're in the middle of original sin."
"That isn't much; we're past redemption."

She—I wish I could improve my dancing.
He—The feeling is mutual.

Miss Romer—Bridget, do you know there were hundreds of calories in that meat you gave us for dinner to-day?

Bridget (the cook)—You don't say, Miss, and I thought I cleaned that meat so good.

Chew—He had an unhappy married life.
Miss Coult—Where did you find that?
Frank—He died shortly after he was married.

Freshman (criticising B. H. S.)—The walls should be repainted because they get all the smoke from the electric lights.

Anne—Ever hear of the wooden wedding?
Bob—No, what?
Anne—Two Poles got married.

Mr. Haulenbeek—Be sure to number the sheets correctly.

Mildred Kirk—That's about all I *will* get correct.

Miss Pullin—If two-eighths of a pound of butter costs two-fifths of a dollar, how much will five and one-fourths pounds cost?

Healy—Charge it!

Mr. Barr—What do you expect to be when you become of age?

Chasalow—Tweny-one!

Poland—I see Massachusetts honored you. They named a city after you.

MacArthur—Which one? Richburg?

Addy—No, Marblehead!

Haer—She hasn't got water on the knee any more.

Net—How come?

Vale—She wears pumps.

We have heard of numerous complaints against the lunchroom because coffee is not served. There are no grounds for these complaints. Tea hee!

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My good dog Influenza
Surely is a "pip."
When I lost my satchel
Influenza got the grippe.

Last week Stockman wore a brown and white vest. At least we thought it was brown and white until we found out that the lunchroom was serving turtle soup.

Bevenetto (assisting in algebra)—Where are you now?

Miss Hass—I'm right here.

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